If euer he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miſerable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are a wearie of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarſe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by St. *Paul*,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.
Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by Saint *Paul* Ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou fearefull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods ſake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with curſing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bulſh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'ſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes,
La. Villanne, thou knowſt no law of God, nor man:
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pittie,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry,
Vouchſafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquite my ſelfe.
La. vouchſafe defuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
La. And by diſparing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt, vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diueliſh ſlaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and ſlaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyeſt. Queene Margret ſaw
Thy bloodly faulchion ſmoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy brother beate aſide the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlanderous tongue
Which laide their guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didſt thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee.